Pollinated

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Pollinated

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Things get interesting when some sex pollen turns up at a crime scene.

Hannibal Bingo Prompt: Ménage à trois

Notes

Fourth fic on my Hannibal Bingo Card!
Ménage à trois

Hannibal Bingo

Lenny (Bleeder)	Teen Parent Will Graham	Lesbian Freddie Lounds	Armor (HEU)
Harem	Over-the-Knee Spanking	Ménage à Trois	Will's Shed
"All I need is to get one hand free"	Renaissance AU	**Free Space**	The Tree Man Tableau
"You're cute for an older guy" (Polar)	"Life didn't seem to be going his way"	A Good Finger-Wagging	Harpy Knife

It had been years since Alana had been to a crime scene. Usually she was a strictly office based consultant. But this crime called for an in-situ evaluation, and she was only too aware that she was inevitably going to become Jack's go to person now that Will had moved away and Hannibal was under her guard at BSHCI.

If anything, her experiences over the last couple of years had made her all the more attractive to the BAU. *Unparalleled experiences and insight*, Jack had said. He wasn't wrong, but that didn't make her any happier about it.

Alana grabbed her cane and stepped out of her car, walking carefully across the rough gravel of the parking lot, towards the activity at the treeline of the woods the lot edged onto.

"Jack?" She asked as she got closer and he stepped away from the crime scene team and towards her.

"Thanks for coming," he said, to which she gave a curt nod.

"I'm meeting Margot for lunch," she immediately curbed any further conversation and he nodded his understanding.

Jack turned and led the way into the trees, thankfully it wasn't far and he was mindful of her having to make it through with a cane and on unsteady legs.

The crime scene itself wasn't that notable. Nothing like those of the Ripper and any number of flamboyant killers that never quite reached his aesthetic heights. But Jack had been right to call her, there was a strangeness to it that wasn't run of the mill.

"This one isn't quite like the other five. Those were escalating. Each one laid out the same as this. This sort of ritualistic looking display," he indicated the prostrate body in front of a small makeshift

altar gathered from the trees around them. “We’ve found residue at each site, but not as much as there is at this one, tests have been inconclusive but we think it’s some sort of aphrodisiac.

“I’ve seen the photos,” Alana confirmed of the previous crime scenes that Jack had sent her after he called her. She could see the differences here. “The others look different, sacrificial but not in the same way as this.”

Jack was nodding, and just then the photographer moved back and the removal team came in to start carefully extricating the body from the ritualistic crime scene.

It was when they rolled the body over that it became clear. Attached to the front of the body was a bag, and instantly it fell open and several items fell out, including powder filled pouches. Quickly collected by the gloved hands of the team, but not before some of the residue puffed out and both Alana and Jack took a step back. She sighed heavily when some landed on the toe of her shoe.

“This is the killer, Jack.” Alana told him as she raised her hand up over her mouth and nose though the residue seemed to quickly dissipate a little above the ground. “The others were building to this, he was the final sacrifice.”

Jack nodded, and then signalled to one of the team. “Get him back to the lab, and check him for ID. Let’s trace next of kin and see whether they can shine any light on this.”

Jack turned to thank her, but Alana was already making her way back to the parking lot.

Ready to be on her way, Alana wasn’t especially pleased to see Freddie Lounds, a woman who never seemed deterred even by the threat of death, leaning against her car. She had a dictaphone in her hand ready to go.

“Doctor Bloom, how does it feel to be filling the shoes of the likes of Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter? Do you think there is a risk that you might go from Chief Administrator of the BSHCI, to resident?”

Alana stopped and sighed, cocking her hip. “Move away from my car, Freddie, before I have you arrested for criminal trespass.”

Freddie was slow and deliberate in the way she pushed off from the car and stepped away from it with her hands raised.

Alana went to take another step forward but the motion caused an unexpected wooziness that had her swooning a little.

“Are you alright?” Freddie asked, suddenly in front of her looking genuinely concerned, with hands out to catch her. They didn’t touch, but for the close brush of their legs, and a transfer of the residue Alana had completely forgotten about, from her shoe to the heel of one of Freddie’s boots.

“I’m fine,” Alana protested and then pushed forward. She got into her car and pulled away without a second glance.

Alana had barely driven halfway to the cafe when she started to feel warm, just shy of feverish.

She pulled the car over and called Margot, who was happy to change plans and meet her at home, the concern clear in her tone, though Alana tried to dismiss her.

“I’m just feeling a little under the weather,” Alana had said, but even she could hear the slur in her words.

Relief washed over her when she finally pulled up the long driveway and turned off the engine, surprised to see a car behind her.

Frowning, Alana stepped out of her car, leaning against it when she felt her knees weaken despite her cane. She really just wanted to get inside and sit down.

“Freddie?” The other woman opened the door, her abundant red hair giving her away before she was fully on her feet. “You followed me? This is harassment, I’m going to call Ja--” Alana had started to reach for her phone but then stopped as Freddie came fully into view.

She looked flushed, her eyes were wide and almost consumed by the blackness at the centre. She seemed unsteady on her feet and almost feverish.

She looked, Alana realised, exactly how Alana felt.

*

“We can’t. No… Margot…”

Margot frowned as she heard Alana’s quiet words, almost a moan.

She’d returned home as soon as she could and was surprised to see that not only had Alana’s car not made it to the garage, but there was a second car that she didn’t recognise.

“I know, I’m sorry…” an almost pained reply from an unknown voice.

Margot’s jaw tightened and she bristled. She drew in a quiet, long breath, steeling herself for what might come next. There was something happening here that she could never have imagined, and yet couldn’t think right now that it could be anything else.

She stepped out of her boots and then moved quickly and quietly along the marbled floor in her socked feet.

As she went there were more pained sounds. Sounds of agony not pleasure, but also the unmistakable sound of kissing. She couldn’t believe this, not of Alana, never of her. And yet she knew what she was going to see as she pushed open the slightly ajar door to the kitchen.

“‘Lana?” She wanted to sound hard and cold, defensive. But instead it came out like a whimpered plea.

Her wife was bent over the kitchen counter, skirt hiked up, as a pale, red-headed beauty stood behind her and pumped her fingers inside her.

“I’m sorry,” Alana sobbed, part in pleasure but there was a real note of regret in those words too.

“What the fuck is going on?” Margot shouted, actually hard this time, actually as cruel as she meant to be. “Who is this?”

And why hadn’t they stopped? was the other question screaming in her mind. She’d not known Alana to be an exhibitionist, about as much as she’d also not expected her to be a cheater. But for

them to keep fucking as she stood there?

"'LANA!" Margot shouted, when no response was forthcoming.

"Something at the crime scene," Alana managed to gasp as she tried to push the redhead away, clearly struggling against her own desire.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Margot had had enough, she strode forward and pulled the stranger away, flinging her back so that she ended up stumbling and falling to the ground. She didn't even look phased, her eyes completely blown. "Are you doing drugs?"

Alana shook her head, tears welling in her eyes. Her face was flushed and she had the same dilated pupils as the other woman.

"At the crime scene. Freddie was there," she nodded to the woman. "We've been infected with something." Alana took a step forward, limping as she reached for Margot before stopping herself. "Want you so much, but don't want to infect you. I'm burning up. Need to fuck."

Margot frowned, "need to fuck a complete random?" She waved a hand in Freddie's direction.

Lana shook her head, "No… Yes… I didn't want to. Neither of us did. I can't explain… this powder… Here." With fumbling hands, Lana was able to take her phone from her purse that sat on the counter. Her hands were shaking as she called up a voicemail and played it on loudspeaker.

"Alana, this is Jack. The preliminary lab work has come back, I need you to treat the crime scene as highly contaminated. That means, strip off and bag up all your clothes, shoes, everything. Have a shower. Let me know if you are experiencing any, um symptoms. If you have a fever, or… just call me if you're not feeling okay. I need you to report to the lab as soon as you can so we can get you tested and decontaminated. Just in case."

There was a tense note in the man's voice, which felt all the more definite when the line abruptly went dead.

"Some sort of aphrodisiac," Lana explained, her hands roaming over her body, over her hiked up skirt and under her half unbuttoned shirt. "Freddie too."

Margot looked back to the woman on the floor, she had leaned herself against the wall and the fingers that had been inside Alana were now in her mouth. As she sucked them clean, her other hand worked between her legs.

The sight was feral. Like bitches in heat.

And whilst part of Margot tried to understand it and not feel so devastatingly hurt by what had been happening, seemingly against any ability to stop themselves, she just couldn't.

"Kiss me," she told Lana, closing the space between them.

It clearly took effort, but Alana moved back until she was up against the counter once more, shaking her head.

"Please, no… you might get this too."

“I want it,” Margot replied immediately. “I need it.” She looked back at Freddie who was now fingering herself and watching them with wide eyes, biting her lower lip.

Margot took hold of Alana, who whimpered but could no longer resist.

She kissed her, deep and long, feeling the hungry way Lana kissed back. There was something different about it. It wasn’t as though they were never rough with each other, but there was an underlying desperation that seemed so unlike her wife.

One that she began to slowly feel herself.

Her hands went to Lana’s shirt and she ripped it the rest of the way open, buttons pinging off the kitchen appliances. Once Lana had shrugged out of it, Margot broke the kiss, moving back enough to pull her bra down so her glorious breasts could fall out. Lana groaned as Margot took one breast in hand and moved it to her mouth, sucking on her tight nipple, as she pressed her thigh between Lana’s legs.

Margot felt hot, feverish. She felt a little woozy, but as long as she kept increasing her arousal then it wasn’t as bad. Leaving her with just an absolute desperation.

She needed to fuck.

*

Freddie climaxed for the first time that day as she watched the two women against the kitchen counter.

Alana’s skirt had come off at some point, and her panties had already been removed the moment they entered the kitchen. That left her in just her stockings, pulled-down bra and one of her heeled shoes.

Her wife - Margot - had held her against the counter, mouth and hands constantly moving as their bodies ground together. Until, finally Alana let out a gasping moan and her body shuddered, her climax marked by the rippled convulsions through her. It was such a beautiful sight that Freddie, who had been pumping her own fingers in time with their thrusts against each other, squirted her pleasure across the kitchen floor.

“Fuck, fuck…” Margot muttered, and whatever this was that had infected her and Alana, was clearly taking hold of Margot too, and fast.

“Bedroom,” Alana gasped, clearly having to make an effort to hold herself up.

Margot nodded and took hold of Alana. They started towards the kitchen door, but then stopped. Margot reached a hand down to her and Freddie took it, joining them as they stumbled from one room to the next.

They all hit the bed at the same time, but Freddie quickly felt movement as the two women gathered either side of her and began to quickly strip her of her clothes. She moaned as their hands worked, each touch a spark of pleasure.

By the time she felt lips on hers, Alana’s again, she could feel from the press of skin against hers that they were all naked. Her clit throbbed and she felt herself get wetter than she ever had before

just at the thought of it.

She was hot, still feverish with whatever this shit was. But the only relief came when they were acting on arousal.

She needed more. She needed to come again and make these women come too. A realisation hit her and she broke the kiss, scanning around to see Margot and finding her draped over Alana's back, kissing down her spine.

"You haven't come yet," Freddie said, as Margot's eyes met hers.

"No," Margot agreed, the black of her pupil's now huge.

Freddie wasn't sure who moved first, but quickly their positions were reversed, with Margot flat on her back on the bed being kissed hungrily by Alana.

Freddie needed this so badly, needed to sate this fever and consuming desperation.

She spread Margot's legs and moved between them, arranging herself until she was straddling one of Margot's thighs, and positioning them so that their wet pussies met.

They both let out a groan which caught Alana's attention. She saw what was happening and let out a whimper. Alana pressed herself to Margot's side, seeking her mouth once more as her hand went between her legs. Freddie watched Alana circle her clit as she began to grind down on Margot.

Margot pushed back against her and soon both their hips were pumping as they rut mindlessly towards their own pleasure.

"Fuck, FUCK!" Margot cried out as they fucked harder and harder until Freddie felt her throbbing, then shuddering and then felt the wet release of her squirting against Freddie's clit.

"Yes, baby. Yes." Alana cooed, her own climax hitting as Freddie watched her tremble next to her wife. Alana had barely come when she moved her hand, slotting it between Margot and Freddie, and working Margot's clit, causing her to squirt all the more.

The new friction, coupled with the sight of it all, was all that was needed to send Freddie over the edge, until she was shuddering through her own climax. Finally, leaning forward to capture Margot's slack mouth in a deep kiss before rolling off of her.

The three of them lay side by side, panting and shaking. And Freddie knew this was just the beginning of their time together. She was still desperate, still feverish, and Margot's hand snaking across her flesh told her the same was true for her too.

The Next Morning

Alana woke to the sound of pounding on the front door.

She stumbled out of bed in a daze, feeling hungover and wrung out. It was only a brief surprise when she realised there were two naked bodies in her bed, as flashes of the previous day came back to her.

The realisation of what had happened was accompanied by more banging so she quickly grabbed her robe and hastily made her way down the stairs. She reached the door at the same time as her

housekeeper.

“I’m sorry, ma’am. I was in the larder,” she apologised and Alana dismissed it with a smile. A smile that hid yet further realisations and mortified embarrassment. How many of the staff had been in the house yesterday? If she was in the larder then she’d seen the kitchen.

Oh god, the kitchen!

She’d likely even had their mess cleaned up.

Alana’s face flushed as the housekeeper left her to open the door.

“Alana, thank god. I’ve been trying to call you for hours.” Jack looked desperately concerned. “You never replied to my voicemail, you didn’t come to the lab. Is everything alright?”

He stood on the threshold but glanced back over his shoulder at the three haphazardly parked vehicles besides his own.

“Sorry?” Alana asked, a vague memory of the voicemail coming back to her. Infection, that powder. “Oh, yes. I’m sorry. I only just got your message. I think you’re right, there was something in that powder. I ended up with an awful headache, so I came home and went right to bed.”

Jack eyed her warily, looking back at the cars again for a brief moment, before nodding. “I see. Well, as long as you’re okay. I’d still like you to come along to the lab later to get the once over. Make sure there are no other… side effects.”

Alana pulled on a smile even though she could feel her cheeks burning.

“Of course. Thanks, Jack. I’m sorry to have dragged you all the way out here.”

He waved off her apology and muttered some pleasantries before making his way back to his SUV, his eyes on the other vehicles the whole time.

Alana closed the door with a sigh of relief, her face still flushed. In fact, she was still quite warm all over. She swallowed and raised the back of her hand to her forehead, feeling the slight heat still there. Just a small fever, nothing like yesterday. But all the same, she felt a growing arousal between her thighs and a desperate need to get back to the two naked women in her bed.

It might be some time before she’d make it to the lab.

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